

THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I

POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1862.

NUMBER 16.

The Weekly Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE W. TIPPETT.

Main Street,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
TERMS.—One dollar per annum, strictly in
advance.

ADVERTISING.

One square of 10 lines, one or three insertions
\$1.00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.
Professional cards of 7 lines or less 1 year \$5.
Half Column, 6 months \$15, 1 year \$30.
One Column, 6 months \$25, 1 year \$50.
A liberal discount made to those who adver-
tise by the year.
Advertisements must have the number of in-
sertions marked on the copy, or they will be
kept in till forbid, and charged accordingly.
All casual or transient advertisements must
be paid for in advance, to insure their insertion.
Extra labor will not be made to orders of
Publication or other legal advertisements un-
less they are paid for.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

AND PARKS, JAS. W. HOGG, D. J. REDMOND,
PARKS, HOGG & REDMOND.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
WILL practice in the Courts of law and
Chancery in Mason, Prompt attention given
to the collection of claims, and other busi-
ness entrusted to their care. Address,
Andrew Parks, Kanawha C. H., Va.
James W. Hogg, Winfield, Putnam county,
Va. B. J. Redmond, Point Pleasant, Va.
May 29 1y.

WM. H. TOMLINSON,
Attorney at Law,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.

WILL practice in Mason and Putnam and
adjacent counties. Prompt attention given
to the collection of claims.
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

DR. S. G. SHAW,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
TENDERS his professional services to the
public. Calls from the country promptly
attended to. Office on Front Street, adjoining
the "Virginia House."
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

DR. JAMES H. HOOFF,

TENDERS his professional services to the
citizens of Point Pleasant, and vicinity.
He keeps constantly on hand a large supply
of drugs, oils, paints, dyes, varnishes, essences,
extracts, perfumery and soaps of all kinds and
of the best quality, and a very superior article of
Coca-Cola.
He also has a large stock of stationery, tobacco, cigars
and an excellent article of pure cider vinegar.
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

DR. C. R. STERNEMAN,

SURGEON DENTIST.
Office on Second Street, above Public Square,
COLUMBIA, OHIO.
Where all operations pertaining to
Dentistry are performed in the best
style of the profession. Terms
Cash.
Feb. 6, 1862-1y.

ROBERT S. BICKEL,

MERCHANT TAILOR
AND DEALER IN
Ready Made Clothing,
Cloth, Cassimere, Vests,
GENTLEMEN'S FUR-
NISHING GOODS.

Tailors Trimmings, &c.
Corner Main and 4th Streets,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
Clothing made to order in the very best style
at the shortest notice, and at the lowest prices.
Orders from a distance solicited.
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

Merchants and Mechanics Bank of

Wheeling.

POINT PLEASANT BRANCH:

CAPITAL \$186,000.

C. C. MILLER, President.

J. D. THOMPSON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

J. D. McCulloch, S. G. Shaw,

A. McCausland, James Capehart,

C. C. Miller, John McCulloch,

W. P. S. Lewis.

Discount day Tuesday

February 27, 1862-1y.

Eagle Mills

POINT PLEASANT,
MASON COUNTY, VA.

THE public that he is prepared to furnish

persons in want of

LUMBER IN THE ROUGH,

such as white Pine 1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, 2 inch

and 2 1/2 inch, of all qualities; also, Poplar, Oak

and Yellow Pine, and Plastering laths.

Dressed Flooring, Ceiling, Casings, and

Palings.

All of which I will sell as cheap, or cheaper

than they can be got at any other place in this

part of the country.

S. COMSTOCK.

Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

UNION HOUSE.

Main Street

POINT PLEASANT, VA.

HUTCH. McDaniel, Proprietor.

THIS Hotel is in the business portion of the

town, convenient to the steamboat landing

and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no

pains to give entire satisfaction to all who may

be pleased to call upon him.

March 20-1y.

S. HAYWARD & SON,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS,

Upholstery, Gilt Mouldings, &c.

Ware rooms Fronting Public Square,

COLUMBIA, OHIO.

Metallic and Wood Coffins constantly on

hand. A Hearse always in readiness for fune-
rals.
May 15 1y.

LETTER FROM THE ELEVENTH OHIO REGIMENT.

RALEIGH C. H., June 19, 1862.

FRIEND TIPPETT:—I partly promised
to pen you a few lines for the columns of
the Register, and as time and opportunity
is given me to-day to fulfill the above
engagement, I am at your service, I
shall say nothing of the pleasant trip
from the Point to this place, or the incidents
that occurred on the way, as that
would only be relating what has already
been told.

In the language of the immortal Web-
ster (altered to my use) company F, and
the "Eleventh Ohio Gipsies" still live
and the members thereof are snugly en-
censed in what is termed Wall tents,
which now dot the town and the hills
adjoining. Hills did I say—yes, its
nothing but hills—scarcely level ground
sufficient to sleep on without feeling
alarmed to find ourselves at the bottom of
a hill in the morning.

The productions of the soil, I have dis-
covered to be *sour sorrel*, red-top grass
and winter-green berries, of which the
boys have gathered an abundance since
our advent to this locality. If your
neighbors or friends at the Point or else-
where are short of rain, they will please
order from this region, as we have enough
and to spare. It is true, we have had
several days of real sunshiny weather,
but it didn't last, and to-day it is more
like winter than the month of balm
June, and it will not surprise us to have
snow by morning. It is raining as I
write, and no hopes of "letting up" very
soon. Were it not for the cheering news
we receive every evening by telegraph,
our otherwise jolly spirits would some-
what collapse. We have heard of the
fall of Memphis, and the demoralization
of Gen. Beauregard's army; also heard
from Richmond through the Richmond
Dispatch that their loss in the late bat-
tle with Ironsides McClellan and the
brave men under his command; of the
utter inability of the secession to evacuate
the capital of the Confederacy, from the
fact that the "Union square" has been
completed, and there is no hole left to
peep through. Then, we have also
heard of the repulse of the First New
Jersey Cavalry by some of Jackson's In-
fantry beyond Harrisonburg, but "there
is a balm for every wound," and in your
correspondent's humble opinion that
General Fremont will soon give us that
balm in double portions, unless Jackson
goes it "double quick."

No military news. All quiet in the
mountains, and the tread of the *hush*
walker is heard no more, since the pro-
clamation of General Fremont ordering
to take no more prisoners but substitute
a *loaden* bullet. They don't like the Un-
ion bullets, and consequently they make
themselves scarce. Somehow they don't
relish Uncle Sam's physic.

Yesterday, General Cox had an order
read to the troops on Flat-top, stating
that the *Eleventh Ohio* was the model
Regiment of Western Virginia, for clean-
ness of person and tidiness in camp ar-
rangements. This is really a compliment
and we know how to appreciate it, com-
ing as it does, from a General for whom
the boys would fight, bleed and die any
day. However, I think we deserve the
compliments, as we have done little else
but clean old houses, sweep up the streets,
and haul away all the old *debris* and
rubbish left by the former regiments.—
The town will soon present the appear-
ance of a Park.

Thirteen of the wounded of the 34th
Regiment, brought here with some forty
seven others from the Princeton battle-
field, have since died. All the others
are in a fair way for recovery. It is a sad
picture to look at these wounds, and tells
us the horrible effect of the rebellion.

Some twenty deserters and bushwack-
ers from the rebel army, are now quar-
tered in our guard house. What is to
be their ultimate end, I am unable to
tell. They seem to enjoy themselves by
pitching horse-shoes and sweeping the
streets—the latter they perform at their
own option.

In concluding this hastily written
scrawl, I cannot refrain expressing my
thanks of Company F, to the many
friends in Point Pleasant, for their kind
and urbane treatment extended toward
us during our stay in their midst. Their
memory will cling to us wherever we
may go, whether in the camp or upon
the battle-field, at home or abroad, it
will be the same everywhere. Many of
the boys have been made to feel as if the
Point were really their home, and I

should not be surprised but that a few
will settle in your midst at the close of
the war. Your correspondent will no
doubt make the Point his home, should
he be spared through the war, notwithstanding the girl gave him "mittens"
enough to last several winters.

I hear the sound of a voice, and this
disturbs my ideas, so I will close for the
present. More anon.

E. H. EVER,
Co. F, 11th REGIMENT, O. V. I.

The Rebel Onset—An Awful Scene.

An extract from a private letter of a
member of battery A. N. Y. Artillery in
Casey's Division, better known as the
"Napoleon gun Battery," in the front
line of the first day's battle before Rich-
mond, says:

Our spherical case shot were awful
missiles, each of them consisting of a
clotted mass of seventy six musket balls,
with a charge of powder in the center,
that is fired by a fuse the same as a shell.
The missile first acts as a solid shot,
ploughing its way through masses of men,
and then exploding, hurls forward a
shower of musket balls, that mow down
the foe in heaps. Our battery threw
twenty-four of these a minute, and as we
had the exact range of every part of the
field, every shot told with frightful effect.
But the enemy were not at all daunted—
they marched steadily on, and hailed a
perfect tempest of balls upon us. Why
we, as well as our horses, were not every
one shot down, will forever remain
a mystery to me. We did not mind the
lead hail, however, but kept our case shot
into the dense masses of the foe, who
came on in prodigious and overwhelming
force. And they fought splendidly, too.
Our shot tore their ranks wide open,
and shattered them in a manner that was
frightful to witness; but they closed up
again at once, and came on as steadily as
English veterans.

When they got within four hundred
yards, we closed our case shot and opened
on them with canister, and such de-
struction I never elsewhere witnessed.—
At each discharge great gaps were made
in their ranks—I do, indeed, whole com-
panies went down before that murderous
fire; but they closed up with an order
and discipline that was awe inspiring.—
They seemed to be animated with the
courage of despair, blended with the
hope of a speedy victory if they could by
an overwhelming rush drive us from our
position. It was awful to see their ranks
torn and shattered by every discharge of
canister that we poured right into their
faces, and while their dead and dying lay
in piles, closed up, and still kept advan-
cing right in the face of that fire. At one
time, three lines, one behind another,
were steadily advancing, and three of
their flags were brought in range of one
of our guns shot with canister.—

"Fire!" shouted the gunner, and down
went those three flags, and a gap was
opened through those three lines as if a
thunderbolt had torn through them, and
the dead lay in swaths. But they are at
once closed up, and came steadily on,
never halting or wavering, right through
the woods, over the fence, through the
field, right up to our guns, and sweeping
everything before them captured every
piece. When we delivered our last fire
they were within fifteen or twenty paces
of us, and as all our horses had been
either killed or wounded, we could not
carry off a gun. Our whole division was
cut to pieces, with what loss I do not
know. We fell back to a second line of
intrenchments and there held the enemy
in check until reinforcements arrived,
and then we kept our position till night
put an end to the battle. This morning
the fight was renewed, and we have driven
the enemy back, regained possession of
our camp, and it is reported, with
what degree of truth I cannot say, that
our battery has been recaptured. The
rebels stripped our camp thoroughly.

The Rebel Barbarities.

Notwithstanding the denial in some of
the newspapers, a *Confederate* official
report shows that the men and women
of Winchester vied with each in the
commission of fiendish atrocities on our
soldiers. From behind doors and win-
dows the rebel women threw hand grenades,
hot water, old bottles, or anything
which could be disabled, and in many in-
stances with their own hands fired upon our
men. In one case a man in Company C,
Second Massachusetts, was shot by a woman
from a house openly, the creature
smiling at the success of her shot, when a
corporal levelled his piece and shot her
dead. Rebel men and women were
running around like fiends, vying with
each other in their hellish work. The
streets were stained with blood. The air
was full of smoke and the smell of gun
powder, and in the midst of it all the
stores in which were the ordnance supplies
took fire, or were set on fire, and blew up.
Our men themselves fired one or two
houses from which they had been fired
upon, and the cracking of the flames and
the falling of timbers added to the already
tremendous confusion.

John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine
ordered?
"I guess so," said John, for I saw craps
on the door the next morning."

THE SURPRISE.

Or a Scour On the Potomac.

BY LIEUT. M. B. MACNAMARA.

How it did rain that night! Small
streams grew into great floods, and the
shores of the Potomac were for a time in-
undated by the swelling of that famous
stream. The thunder rolled lazily and
rumblingly across the sky; zig-zag flash-
es of lightning shot in and out from the
woods, luridly lighting up the dark and
saturated fields and then vanishing and
leaving fields and woods in darkness.

On that night, as usual in a dilapidated
shanty on the right of Mine's Hill, were
some fifteen men, the reserve picket of a
certain Massachusetts regiment. On the
hard, muddy floor, wrapped in their
blankets, with their greasy and dirty
knapsacks under their heads, a number
of them lay asleep.

A wood fire burned in the large, open
fireplace and cast a dim, uncertain light
around the desolate apartment, develop-
ing more distinctly the glistening bar-
rels and bayonets of the guns. At the
door of the shanty, which was broken in
many places, stood an officer in earnest
conversation with two men, one of
whom, judging from the damp face and
dripping garments, seemed to have just
come in from picket.

The bright, flashing expression of his
eyes, and his energetic gestures denoted
his excitement, which seemed fast com-
municating itself to the officer as he lis-
tened to the man's recital.

"Where is your post?" asked the offi-
cer, as the man concluded what he had
been saying.

"By the cornfield in front of Throgmorton's
house, commanding the road," re-
plied the man nervously.

"By whose orders did you leave your
post?" demanded the commander.

"The sergeant told me to report to you
what I seen immediately after I was re-
lieved."

"How many rebel officers did you say
you had seen?" pursued the officer,
thoughtfully, at the same time casting a
sharp and suspicious look at the mes-
senger.

"Six—all mounted; fine looking fel-
lows they were too. I should have fired
at them—in fact I was about to do so;
but I knew that they could easily escape,
and as I supposed they were going into
Major Knapp's house, I thought I'd do
nothing without the orders of the ser-
geant. I thought that we could take
them when we pleased sir."

"How do you know they are in the habi-
tude of coming there? Were you so in-
formed, or have you seen them go in there
before?"

"Sarah, the mulatto at Throgmorton's
told me this morning when I was talking
to her, that five or six officers used to
come to Knapp's nearly every night and
remain for breakfast in the morning."

"Do you think this girl's information
can be relied upon?" questioned the offi-
cer in a peculiar tone, which seemed to
make the man feel uneasy under the
rigid and tiresome examination.

"Well, I don't know, sir, but I should
think so."

"How long have these fellows been at
Knapp's now?" queried the officer, in a
quiet tone.

"A little more than an hour sir, I should
think."

"How many men do you suppose
would be necessary to take them?" con-
tinued the officer, at the same time draw-
ing his revolver from his pocket, unper-
ceived by any one.

"How many men have you here?" asked
the man hurriedly without answering the
officer's question.

"It matters not," said the officer, "how
many I have here. How many will it
take to go to Knapp's and seize the
rebels?"

"Well," said the man, after an embar-
rassed pause, "I think ten or fifteen, un-
der your command, would do."

The men seemed to feel confused un-
der the tone and searching questions of
the officer.

"One more question and I have done.
It is very dark and rainy without is it
not?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, looking up in
surprise; "you cannot see your hand be-
fore you."

"Then my man, how did you manage
to see six rebel officers, half a mile off,
about an hour ago, when you admit that
you cannot see your hand before you?"

The man started as if maddened at his
blind stupidity; but, recovering himself,
he said:

"The lightning revealed them, sir."

"Did, oh?" quoth the officer, senior-
tiously, at the same time bending his
grey eyes upon the soldier, with a
look so intense and piercing that the
latter involuntarily cast his eyes on the
ground, still retaining his firm grip on
his musket.

"Yes, sir."

He uttered the words briefly. It was
a terrible moment for him.

pression of sudden despair passed athwart
his countenance, and he slowly bent for-
ward and laid his musket gently on the
ground, and then stood upright in the
first position of a soldier.

Turning to a man who was standing
near him and looking in amazement, the
officer said:

"Take off that man's coat!"
The order was quickly obeyed. The
wet, heavy overcoat, a trophy of inglori-
ous Bull Run, was lying on the floor, and
the man stood before the officer, clothed
in a grey, swallow tailed coat, pants of
the same material, a cross-belt and plate
marked, "G. S. A."

He was a detached rebel scout!

In a short time he was securely bound
and placed in charge of a guard. He
was then closely questioned by the offi-
cer of the picket, and the following facts
were elicited. He had been sent by the
commander of the rebel picket on his
unfortunate expedition for the purpose
of entrapping the Federal guard. Had
the officer of it gone over to Knapp's with
his fifteen or twenty men he would inevi-
tably have been captured. The rebel
scout was thoroughly acquainted with
the ground in the vicinity, for it had
been occupied by rebel troops but a short
time before our advance was made, and
he found it comparatively easy work to
pass our line of pickets; he had done so,
and made his way to the reserve head-
quarters and communicated with the offi-
cer with the result above chronicled.

Immediately upon securing his pris-
oner Capt. L.—dispatched a courier
to camp, asking a reinforcement of five
men. About midnight they arrived, and
under Capt. L.—prepared to make
a decent upon Knapp's house, where
some forty men and officers had assem-
bled for the purpose of entrapping the
Federal guard.

Carefully and silently, with their trail-
ing muskets securely wrapped in their
olives, the determined little band of
Federalists marched forward to the house
of Major Knapp. It was a large, com-
modious mansion, about half a mile dis-
tant from Throgmorton's, which was dis-
tant some three quarters of a mile, or
more, from the reserve of the Union
troops.

Major Knapp had vacated the house
at the commencement of hostilities and
was then, I believe, a Colonel in the ser-
vice of the Confederate States. An old
negress and her husband made the house
their home, and used to sell home-made
and nice corn-cakes to the officers of the
rebel pickets when out there on duty.

A long low, wooden building ran out
from the rear of the house, and down
to a large cornfield that was formerly
used for stables and storage.
It was the intention of Captain L.—
to approach the house under cover of the
cornfield and building, unless as he
thought it might be, it was occupied by
the rebels instead of the house. But a
moment's consideration made him firmly
conclude that Knapp's house was the
headquarters of the enemy, for he was
never known to lay on a hard board when
a good, comfortable bed was as easily to
be had—no, he wouldn't quarter him-
self in the cold and wet, which would cer-
tainly damp his chivalry, when Knapp's
house afforded warm, dry and comfort-
able quarters, and plenty of light and that
of the best kind. Such was the conclu-
sion of Capt. L.—and the sequel proved
him right.

Picking their way cautiously and sil-
ently through the tangled under wood and
branches of fallen trees, the little
band moved on. After an hour's march
they reached Throgmorton's, and
passing down a small narrow dell which
seemed cut away by the rains, they made
a short turn to the right and passing by
the stables of Throgmorton's, found
themselves faced directly for Knapp's.

Everything was bleak and silent around
and within Throgmorton's; and nothing
was to be heard save the pattering of the
rain against the house, or upon the dead
leaves which lay strewn upon the ground
or against the trees, among which, in
single file, our little column was mending
its silent, sinuous way.

In a few minutes more the guard had
reached the cornfield. A scout was then
sent in to reconnoitre. After the lapse of
half an hour he returned, and stated that
he had approached the house close
enough to observe, by looking through
the lower windows, what was going on
within. He stated that he saw a large
number of men lying upon the floor, and
some of them asleep.

In the centre of the room, seated at a
table, were four officers engaged in a
game of cards, and the three large can-
dles burning thereon cast a very brilliant
light around; furthermore, and most
important, there was but two guards
thrown out on the right of the house and
facing the road; the officers seeming to
think entirely unnecessary to guard the
approaches in the rear; and these guards
had taken shelter in a little shed, which
formerly had been used for the purpose
of holding implements of Agriculture,
a kind of article now not very highly ap-
preciated South.

Upon receiving this report, Captain L.
ordered an advance, and in a little while
the men were deep in the cornfield and
moving cautiously up to the house. It
was a glorious night for a surprise dark,
stormy, uncomfortable. Just such a
night when shelter and warmth, and a
little whiskey are the greatest blessing a
man can have.

Silently and with eager hearts the gal-
lant little band moved forward, and in
ten minutes they had issued from the
cornfield, and were moving on the left of
the stables right to the rear of the man-
sion. Once there and the rest was com-
paratively secure.

Softly, but swiftly, on tip-toe, man af-
ter man passed the long interval between
the house and barn, and in a little time
more Captain L. had the proud satisfac-
tion of seeing the whole of his little band
standing in line, with fixed bayonets in
rear of the house.

With the same cautious silence which
characterized their preceding movement,
the Federal soldiers rapidly surrounded
the house. In a few minutes that part of
the programme was completed. Captain
L.—now marched forward with a
squad of ten men, and right up to the door
of the house. He opened it and entered,
saying, very coolly:

"Gentlemen, you are my prisoners!"

The four rebel officers sprang to their
feet, the profoundest kind of astonishment
expressed in their faces, and each hold-
ing his cards in his hands, while in the
centre of the table were numerous and
sundry shipmasters, representative of so
many silver dollars, but not worth a
counterfeit Union cent.

"The devil we are!" exclaimed one of
them, at last, as he found his tongue.

"And who in the devil's name may
you be?" ejaculated another, sending a
huge stream of tobacco juice down on
the floor.

"Captain L.—, officer of the Union
picket guard."

"The devil!"

It was all they could say, and they
stood staring at each other in stupefied
astonishment.

The rebel muskets were then secured,
which was an easy job, for they were
piled carelessly in one corner of the room,
and some of the men who remained
asleep were aroused, and the prisoners,
thirty in all, not including the officers
were given in charge of the guard.

While that was going on, the officers sat
down, and having given up their swords,
by courtesy of Captain L., coolly proceed-
ed to finish their game.

The prisoners were sent to the head-
quarters of General Porter, and from
thence to the prison in Washington.

Gen. Sherman and the Hostler.

If the following is fastened upon Gen-
eral Sherman as a good joke, it is his
own fault, because he himself narrated
it to his own friends in camp a couple
of weeks ago, and appeared to enjoy it.—
The General had been in need of a body
servant or hostler for a week or two, and
several officers had permission to keep a
look out for him. One day a contri-
band, the migrating property of a rebel
officer, made his way into Sherman's
lines, and was soon directed to where he
could procure profitable employment.—
I might here remark that the General has
no conscientious scruples on the contra-
band question, and is a thorough-going
confederate man. He did not ask Cuffee
whether he was born or free, but simply
whether he could take care of horses
&c., to which the chattel responded em-
phatically in the affirmative.

"Well, then, if you can do what I
want you to do, I'll give you \$20 a
month," said Sherman.

"How much did you say?" inquired
the astonished Ethiopian.

"